ABILENE REFLECTOR

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

STROTHER BROS.

"THE GAY YOUNG MAN FROM TOWN."

With fork in hand, one summer day,
Making a feint of tossing hay,
The gay young man who came from town
Talked with a maiden small and brown,
With hazel eyes and chestnut hair,
And quiet way and modest air;
Nor did he seem to care or know
That her blush was quick and voice was low,
For merely to flirt with the maiden brown
Was the aim of the gay young man from town.

At nooning next the young man sat
Beneath an apple tree—sour at that—
And chatted with Susy (such her name)
About the city from whence he came,
Its long, wide avenues, buildings vast,
Its ease and luxury unsurpassed;
While she, with a bashful air and shy,
Drooped low each eyelid over its eye,
A deep flush reddening features brown
At words of the gay young man from town.

Some days he had spent in this rural spot,
Where health was plenty, and style was not;
Had left his club and his friends behind
For life that was true and unconfined,
With study (the latest novel) worn,
With loss of his hunting-dog forlorn,
And because of a sad dispute he had
With his "governor"—thus he styled his dad.
All this he explained to the maiden brown,
With a sigh, this gay young man from town.

First days, then weeks, and where Susy went
The steps of the gay young man were bent,
And sentiment followed flirting then,
As chanced to many a man of men;
For he found his pulses quicken and stir
Whenever he saw or thought of her,
And learned alone to dream and sigh,
Or stammer and blush when she was nigh;
The eyes and blush of the maiden brown
Had captured the gay young man from town.

So he told his love, and as he bent
In hope and fear to ask consent,
He told her the real reason why
He had cast his home and kinsfolk by:
His father had bade him settle in life,
And had chosen for him a proper wife,
"Who did not stand on her worth alone,
With a rich old father, and cash of her own,"
But he fled from her and his father's frown,
And found his fate afar from town.

The maiden listened well the while,
And over her features came a smile.
Her father, she told him, had a plan
To make her wife to a gay young man
"Who did not stand on his worth alone,
With a rich old father and cash of his own;"
Reputed he was a handsome catch;
But she objected to such a match,
And, afraid to face her father's frown,
Had fled to her old nurse here from town.

He stared; she smiled. Around her waist
His arm in loving way he placed.
"In spite of will we must confess
The old folk triumph, nevertheless;
It seems we ran from love away,
And lived to love another day;
And, plighted, going back again,
Our sires will laugh at us—what then?
'Tis better far to laugh than frown"—
Were the words of the gay young man from town.

—*Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Ledger.*

A NIHILIST ROMANCE.

Not very long since a brief paragraph in the Geneva papers mentioned, in the guarded language which it is the local usage to employ in such cases, the tragical deaths of a Russian revolutionist and his wife. He had died of a painful and lingering illness, through which his wife had nursed him with heroic devotion, and within an hour of his death she was found lying by his side, also dead, and both were covered with the same winding-sheet. Knowing something of the ways of Russian refugees, it struck me that this event was the denouement of some terrible story of real life. I made inquiries, and a Russian gentleman who was intimately acquainted with the unhappy pair was good enough to communicate to me the following narrative, which, besides being in itself deeply interesting, throws a vivid light on the causes of Russian discontent and the character and methods of the enthusiasts who, whatever we may think of the means they occasionally employ, are men of truly heroic mold, and never hesitate to sacrifice all they hold dear for the advancement of the cause to which they have devoted themselves. These men, the soi-disant Nihilists, are known in Western Europe chiefly as a political party of extraordinary energy and resource, engaged in a mortal struggle with a truculent despotism. They are men whose exploits from time to time thrill the world with horror, and whose courageous deaths extort even the admiration of their foes. It is only on rare occasions that the veil which shrouds the mystery of what may be called their home lives (albeit few of them have homes) is withdrawn; for the Nihilists say little of themselves, and it is not in the nature of things that the outer world should know what they do not choose to reveal. One of these occasions was the death of Andre Franjoli and his wife, and my informant possessed full knowledge of the romantic and touching story of their lives. This gentleman, I may add, has himself played an important part in the Russian revolutionary movement; nobody is better acquainted than he with "Underground Russia," and his name is not unknown in England. I give the story, word for word, as he gave it to me:

Andre Franjoli, born in one of the Black Sea provinces—despite his name, of Russian parents—was one of the oldest and most respected members of our young revolutionary party. Although at the time barely twenty-one years old, he took part in the great propagandist movement of 1872-3, which opened in Russia the era of revolution. It was a time of vague yet noble yearnings—of a visionary socialism—of dreams of universal happiness to be obtained by the sole force of teaching and example. Franjoli accepted the new faith with all the ardor of youth. A missionary by vocation and conviction, impressionable and passionate, enthusiastic to exultation, he personified that religious idea which, despite their professed materialism, is the leading motive of the apostles of Russian revolution. His faith in the redemption of the oppressed and the future of humanity seemed to be inspired by revelation rather than based on reason. His devotion had in it something verging on fanaticism; he was more ascetic in his habits, more heedless of his own comfort, than a monk of the middle ages.

Firmly believing in the regenerative force of ideas, he attributed too much importance to the moral perfection of the individual and too little to the reform of institutions which, as political science teaches, are the most powerful factors in the moral regeneration of mankind. While others discussed the relative value of insurrectional attempts and peaceful propaganda, Andre was preaching to his young disciples, in season and out of season, the necessity of personal example and an austere morality as a means of winning converts to socialism. In this way he acquired immense influence over the youth of St. Petersburg, Kieff and Odessa, where he labored incessantly.

When, as in Russia, a propaganda has to be conducted secretly, and from man to man, a capacity in the missionary for attracting personal sympathy is of supreme importance. It would be difficult to find anywhere a man who possessed this precious gift in the same degree as Franjoli. The enthusiasm which was the principal trait of his character, together with a winning manner and natural kindness of heart, made all who knew him his devoted friends; and he, on his part, loved his comrades, his pupils and his fellow-workers with all the passion of a Christian zealot who sees in his converts brethren in the Lord, children of his Divine Master, and coheirs of a Heavenly inheritance.

In 1874 Franjoli, abandoning his life in the towns, took a place as a village schoolmaster in the province of Tchernigov, in order to begin a social propaganda among the peasants. After a few months' activity in his new sphere of duty, he was arrested under suspicion of teaching revolutionary doctrines. When he was led away by two gendarmes all the village, men and women, old and young — notwithstanding the terror with which a Russian peasant always regards the emissaries of the law—accompanied Franjoli, silently and mournfully, for several miles on his road, and, when they left him, looked the blessings they dared not utter. And later, when magistrates and officers went to the village to search for proofs against Franjoli, not a single witness could be induced, either by promises or threats, to testify against him, albeit he had carried on his propaganda freely, and almost without disguise, in the streets, at village fetes and friendly gatherings, as well as at communal meetings and from house to house.

Three years and a half he was kept in prison without trial, and in the end the Judges, in default of sufficient evidence to convict him, were compelled to pronounce him not guilty. On this he was exiled, by administrative order, to Solvitchegodiv, a small town in the far North. On his way thither Franjoli made an attempt to escape, which well nigh cost him his life. While his guardians were sleeping he jumped from the window of a railway carriage, but he was so badly hurt that he could not rise, and the next morning the gendarmes, when they returned to the spot, found him lying where he had fallen. He was then taken to the hospital of Solvitchegodiv, and after being discharged took up his quarters in the town. There he met Mlle. Eugenie Zadadray, whose acquaintance he had made when she was one of the accused in the trial of the 193.

It is sometimes said that contrasts are mutually attractive. Perhaps this may be true, yet it is much more natural that common sympathies should be a bond of union and a cause of love, and there are natures that can never sympathize with their opposite natures, whose contrasts irritate and repel. Those are the natures that Heinrich Heine would have called Hebraic, whose peculiarity is to attach themselves not to the conventionally beautiful and charming, but to an abstract ideal which dominates and absorbs them to the point of fanaticism and intolerance. Whether he possessed one of those natures or not it was similarity of character and community of ideas that kindled the intense sympathy which quickly developed itself between Andre and the fair companion of his exile; for Eugenie belonged to the same exalted and enthusiastic type as himself. Like him she had suffered bonds and imprisonment, and like him she was still ready to spend and be spent in the cause to which both had consecrated their lives. Soon the mutual sympathy grew into an overmastering love and became one of those great passions that absorb the entire being and consume all the forces of the soul.

Attachments of this ardent sort are much more common among Nihilists than might be supposed. Men and women meet as companion-at-arms, they combat in the same ranks, share the same view, gain the same reward. The complete equality that prevails between the sexes, and the sense of ever-present danger, to which all alike are exposed, render that lofty and romantic love sung by poets much more frequent in the wild and inflammable world of Nihilism than in the world of restraint and convention. Of this sort were the loves of Andre and Eugenie. The first months of their union were the happiest they had ever known or conceived—or were destined to know—and seemed to both rather the realization of a romantic dream than an episode of real life.

A common friend, Mlle. A. R., who visited them at this time, remarked to another common friend, little thinking how soon and how terribly her prevision would be verified, that the affection of the Franjolis was greater than life itself, and that neither could outlive the other. But love had quenched neither their revolutionary ardor nor their loyalty to the great cause in which their friends were engaged and to which they devoted their lives. Their happiness became even a reproach to them, and they burned to take part in the mortal struggle with despotism which had now become one of acts as well as of words. They contrived a plan of escape. In February, 1879, they left Solvitchegodiv, and after a long and perilous journey succeeded in reaching St. Petersburg, where they were at once affiliated to the organization known as the Narodnaio Volia.

The difficulties and dangers which always beset the path of conspirators, especially in Russia, were greatly increased in the case of the Franjolis by the state of Andre's health. His naturally not robust constitution, after suffering from the fatigues and privations inseparable from the life of an active propagandist, had become still further enfeebled by his long imprisonment, and he never fully recovered from the effects of his terrible leap from the railway carriage. He was affected with chronic anemia and a disease of the bones, and the physicians whom he consulted at St. Petersburg were able to afford him but little present relief, and not much hope of ultimate recovery. The life of a revolutionist who had to be perpetually on the move, and to hide where he could, was moreover altogether incompatible with the care, attention and regimen which his case imperatively demanded, and Andre grew worse and worse.

A friend—one of the editors of the *Narodnaio Volia*—relates that in December, 188, when he went to warn Franjoli that his whereabouts had become known to the police, and that he must instantly remove to fresh quarters, he could hardly walk, and it was only by a sort of miracle that they contrived to evade the spy by whom they were tracked. Yet, despite his sufferings, aggravated by the dangers to which he was exposed, and the entreaties of his fellow-workers, he refused to retire from the contest. In the courage of this young man, stricken with a mortal malady, as weak as a child, and with the look of a corpse, there was something superhuman and almost sublime.

Not being able to move about, Franjoli took always the position of house master in the Conspirationy Koartiry—that is to say, in the rooms in which the terrorists met to receive their orders and discuss their plans. Holders of this position are invariably exposed to great danger by reason of the coming and going of the conspirators, and the risk thereby incurred of attracting the notice of the police or their spies.

Now that both are gone there is no reason why it should not be known that in the house of Franjolis was made the dynamite destined to blow up the mine on March 13, 1880, and that Andre and his wife superintended the making of the bombs which were used with such fatal effect on the Katarina Canal.

Demenico Guerrazzi, an Italian writer, describes a battle between Corsican patriots and a French force much superior in numbers, in which the wounded Corsicans formed with their bleeding bodies a barricade to protect their comrades from the bullets of the foe and enable the survivors to continue the struggle. No less heroic was the conduct of the two Franjolis. He hardly able to move from his bed, the house full of deadly explosives, not knowing what a day might bring forth, liable at any moment to a visit from the police, and neither able to escape himself nor destroy the damning evidence which would have insured his death on the scaffold. She watching over her husband day after day, hardly ever daring to venture from his side; listening even in the watches of the night for the footfall of the enemy and the summons to admit the emissaries of the Czar; living in instant expectation of death, for both carried poison, and were firmy resolved, if the summons should come, to die rather than be taken.

But great as was their love for each other, their devotion to that which they believed to be their duty was even greater. Eugenie, with the full consent of her husband, placed herself unreservedly at the disposal of the Executive Committee, and offered to go whithersoever her services might be most useful to the cause. But none had the heart to require from them so terrible a sacrifice, and they remained together to the last.

After the death of Alexander II. they left St. Petersburgh—which had become more dangerous than ever—for the south of Russia, and from that time forth, owing to Andre's increasing weakness, they were unable to take any further part in the revolutionary movement. Early in the present year it was deemed expedient for them to leave Russia, and in May last they arrived in Geneva, where they received a warm welcome from many old and faithful friends. But death was written in Andre's face, and none who saw him could doubt that the end was near. Eugenie never left his side; her devotion was heroic, and the calmness of her manner and the serenity of her spirit surprised all who were admitted to her intimacy. We knew afterward that it was the serenity of irrevocable resolve, a resolve neither in life nor in death to be separated from him she loved.

At nine o'clock on the morning of August 7, Andre, after cruel sufferings, closed his eyes forever. "It is finished," said Eugenie, turning to a friend who was with her; "his troubles are over. I am content." Then she arranged the chamber carefully, as if she expected a solemn visit, and dismissed her friend with the remark that, after so many sleepless nights, she felt the need of rest. When left to herself she sat down and wrote a letter of farewell to her friends. This done, she sat down on the bed where lay the corpse, swallowed a large dose that she had brought with her from Russia, and, lying down, drew over herself the same cloth with which she had veiled the face of her dead husband. An hour later, when a member of the household in which they had dwelt entered the chamber of death, Eugenie, though unconscious, still lived, but it was impossible to save her, and at three o'clock in the afternoon she breathed her last. Husband and wife were laid side by side in the communal cemetery, and followed to the grave by many mourners who knew the touching story of their lives.

In the Franjolis the party has lost two of its most devoted members but their deaths will not have been in vain, and their friends will never forget them. "They were noble representatives," said one of their most intimate friends in his funeral oration, "of the Noradnaio Volia party. Let us think of them as often as possible; let the recollection of their heroism and devotion encourage and strengthen us. To those who are not of us their lives and their deaths will not only show how Nihilists love one another, but how they love their cause.—*Geneva Cox, in London Daily News.*

He Had a Great Head.

Abraham and Joshua had been invited to a splendid dinner. It was impossible for Joshua not to make capital out of such an opportunity; accordingly he managed to slip a silver spoon into his boot.

Abraham was green with envy at Joshua's success, for he had not even manipulated a salt-spoon. But an idea struck him. "My frents," he cried, "I will show you some dricks." Taking up a spoon he said: "Yo zee dees spoon? Vell, it ees gone!" he cried, passing it up his sleeve. "You will find it in Joshua's bood." It was found.—*Life.*

The Republican Mistake.

The fact that a large section of this country, the Southern States, have been, since the late civil war, Democratic, and have furnished a great political strength to that party in Congress, as well as a heavy popular vote in National elections, has never ceased to worry and annoy the ultra partisan leaders of the Republican party. They lament that the Southern States are not held as conquered provinces, and things so shaped that their grasp on them might have resulted in the formation of a party there powerful enough to render valuable assistance whenever recourse was had to the ballot. That this was the aim and object of certain leaders admits of no doubt; but Andrew Johnson and the Cabinet, who took up the the work of restoration when it fell from the nerveless hand of Abraham Lincoln, did not entertain such views. There is good reason to believe that had Lincoln lived to complete the work to which he had begun to address himself when the war ended, and had given rein to that love of justice and wealth of patriotic spirit with which he was so generously endowed, the party leaders would have broken with him, as they did with his successor, who did nothing more than attempt the measures of restoration which he had doubtless approved. It is well in these times of political disputation to know aright the current of belief at that period among those charged with the duty of restoring the Union, that the subsequent action of party plotters and adventurers may be more clearly understood and defined. Hon. Hugh McCulloch, who was Secretary of the Treasury under President Johnson, in an address at Fort Wayne, Ind., October 15, 1865, said, speaking of the hostility of some portion of the party touching the policy of Andrew Johnson:

"I know that they are not the views of a majority of the people of the North. The better opinion is, that the States which attempted to secede never ceased to be States in the Union; that all the acts of secession were of no effect; that during the progress of the revolt the exercise of the Federal authority was merely suspended, and that there never was a moment when the allegiance of the people of the insurrectionary States was not due to the Government, and when the Government was not bound to maintain its authority over them, and extend protection to those who required it. When the Confederacy collapsed all the rebel State Governments collapsed with it, so that with few exceptions there were no persons holding civil office at the South by the authority of any legitimate government. Now as government is at all times a necessity among men, and as it was especially so at the South, where violence and lawlessness had full sway, the question to be decided by the President was simply this: Shall the people of the recent rebellious States be held under military rule until Congress shall act upon the question, or shall immediate measures be taken by the Executive to restore to them civil government? After mature consideration the President concluded it to be his duty to adopt the latter course, and I am satisfied that in so doing he acted wisely."

This was the much-abused position taken by President Johnson and indorsed by all the members of his Cabinet, Stanton at that time included. That this action had, or would have had, the sanction of President Lincoln, had he been then living, is evident from the fact that the Cabinet agreed with President Johnson in the views taken. The subsequent action of the men who, in their fury, sought to impeach Johnson, and plunged the South in the horrors of the reconstruction era, are familiar to all, and if the South since that period resolutely refuses to share the fortunes of the Republican party, it is the fault of the men who undid the work President Johnson and his Cabinet set about doing. With the States of the South peacefully restored to the Union and their civil governments set up and protected by the arm of Federal power, the current of political sentiment there might have run differently. But mild measures and patriotic purposes were kicked aside by the men who were in power in the Senate and House of Representatives, and plans presented and carried out which forever alienated all support from that section, and has even now divided and lost that enfranchised element from which everlasting gratitude and allegiance was expected. The grand mistake of Republican party legislation was that Reconstruction act. Had wiser counsels prevailed and more patriotic methods been followed, the scandals which began there and the corruption which it fostered and taught might not have so early eaten out the heart of the party and left it a byword and disgrace along the path of American political history.—*American Register.*

Opinion of a Shining Light.

Ex-Senator Tabor is a shining light of Republicanism. Ever since he purchased the handle to his name he has felt himself a great party leader. What were Benton's thirty years in the United States Senate compared with Tabor's thirty days?

Tabor is naturally an enthusiast. Whether he goes into mining, matrimony, divorce or politics, he always wants to "make Rome howl." He proposed to Senator David Davis to perform that feat on a joint honeymoon, all at his own expense, but the Illinois bridegroom declined. Now Tabor concentrates his efforts on the Presidential question and booms Arthur. When asked by a *World* reporter whom the Colorado Republicans favor for their standard-bearer in 1884—"Chester A.," answered the ex-Senator. Then he proceeded to show why "Chester A." had a better prospect of carrying off the nomination than any other man.

Well, "Chester A.," or, as his New York chums call him, "Chet," is a fitting nominee for the fraudulent Republican party. He is a Civil-service reformer who was turned out of office by a Republican Executive, Secretary of the Treasury and Senate for malfeasance. A non-partisan President who was Johnny O'Brien's predecessor as manager of the New York machine. An honest man who aided Dorsey in purchasing Indiana, Ohio and New York in 1880, and boasted of the success of the corruption. A General who never smelt powder or attacked anything more dangerous than a Delmonico dinner.

What more fitting candidate could the Republican party find than "Chester A.?"

Is he not in the direct line with the sort of men nominated by the Republicans, with one exception, ever since it had an existence.

With John P. Hale, the nominee of the inchoate party in 1852—a pious fraud who, while shouting himself hoarse for human freedom, used his position as United States Minister to Spain to cheat the Revenue laws of that country by importing goods under his official privilege and selling them as merchandise.

With John C. Fremont, the first full-fledged nominee who led the party to defeat in 1856 on his famous woolly horse; a stock operator whose creditors always suffered and a pathfinder who never found a path.

With Ulysses S. Grant, the successor of Lincoln, elected in 1868 on a military-glory boom; a pro-slavery Democrat who declared that he would tear his epaulettes from his shoulders if he supposed the war was to be prosecuted for the emancipation of negro slaves.

With Rutherford B. Hayes, defeated by the people in 1876, but inaugurated by fraud; a snivelling hypocrite, despised even by the men who helped him to a stolen office.

With James A. Garfield, elected by purchase in 1880, convicted of corruption by his own party, and not saved even by the grave from a blighted reputation.

Is not Chester A. Arthur the accident of Guiteau's bullet, a trading politician, the chum of the O'Briens, Biglins and Cregans of machine notoriety, in a direct line with these predecessors?

Why should he not, as Senator Tabor says, be the most fitting Republican candidate for 1884?—*N. Y. World.*

A Few Retrospective Remarks.

The *Republican* speaks of a time in 1861 "when the stars and stripes were denounced by peace Democrats as a black Republican emblem." This is the first intimation we have ever seen or heard that there was any party or faction at the North in 1861, or at any other time, that "denounced the stars and stripes."

There were Democrats as well as Republicans who, at various times during the war, were dissatisfied with the Administration, and complained of measures adopted, or of the refusal of the Government to do this, that or the other thing. It will be remembered that Mr. Greeley, whose influence had been more potential than that of any other man in precipitating the conflict, was opposed to any resistance, and wanted "the wayward sisters to go in peace." And after the fighting was ended and the Government found itself with a white elephant on its hands in the shape of a distinguished prisoner whom it did not dare to bring to trial for fear of failure to convict, it will be remembered that Mr. Greeley came forward and helped the Government out of a scrape by signing a bail bond, for which act he was subsequently denounced as "a rebel sympathizer."

We suppose the name of C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, would occur to almost any one as that of the most prominent "peace Democrat." He thought, as did Mr. Greeley, that "the wayward sisters" should have been permitted to "go in peace." He had the courage of his convictions and pushed his opposition to the war so far that unlawful and utterly unjustifiable means were used to offset his influence.

But not even Vallandigham was so heavy a load to President Lincoln as was Charles Sumner, who constantly threw cold water on the plans and policy of the Government because it did not come up to his advanced ideas.

In looking for men who opposed the conduct of the war we can find them in all parties, and can find, too, that their opposition took various shapes. There was that grand patriot General Scott, whose statue has been set up in the Capitol, and whose name is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen—he, too, was an opponent of a measure found indispensable to the continuance of the war, a measure as just as any that ever was adopted in war or peace. We refer to the Income tax, against which General Scott bitterly protested in a memorable letter to the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Republican press has uniformly been unjust to the Democrats of the North in that it has excluded them from any honor or credit accruing from the war of the rebellion. The truth is that there were more Democrats than Republicans in the rank and file of the Union armies, and that at this time a large majority of the disabled veterans on the pension rolls and in the soldiers' homes are Democrats.

It is probable that the *Republican* will cheerfully concede that when the war began the alleged right of a State to step out of the Union of its own motion was honestly believed in by General Longstreet, General Mahone, Colonel Mosby, General Chalmers, Captain Riddleberger, and their comrades in arms. On any other theory those Confederates were great criminals. Conceding that they were honest; that they went into the war to fight for what they believed to be sacred right, must it not be also conceded that the same view of the alleged right of a State to secede could have been as honestly held by Northern men?—*Washington Post.*

—The Atlanta *Constitution* relates that a Georgian was at Niagara Falls just after the drowning of Webb. As he started to see the falls a guide offered for fifty cents to show him the place Webb was drowned in. He invested and moved on. A guide in another section made him the same offer, which he accepted. Another guide offered the same thing, when Mr. Thompson said: "Was Webb drowned all along the river? I've had two places pointed out as the fatal place." "Oh, well," said the guide, "he was a long time drowning."

—Some writer recently said that women don't make puns; but they do. A family bought an anti-clinker stove. Finding that it did not work well they exchanged it for some old china. A visitor, looking at the china, remarked that it was very fine, and that it must have been handed down by the family's ancestors. "Yes," said the young lady of the family promptly, "it is some that came down to us from Aunty Clinker."—*Chicago Times.*

—A hangman in South Carolina is being chided for using common bar soap to soften up his gallows rope. He says as long as the victims don't complain the newspapers have no business to. Besides, the pay isn't enough to warrant scented soap. — *Detroit Free Press.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—President Arthur pays taxes in New York on $285,000 worth of property.—*N. Y. Times.*

—M. Worth, the Parisian fashion king, is fifty-five years old, fat, pleasant-looking and very bald-headed.

—Miss Chamberlain, the famous beauty who has been the social sensation in England for a couple of years, has returned to her Cleveland home.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—John L. Stoddard, the lecturer upon European travel, who began his course in the Brooklyn Academy the other night, receives $22,000 a year salary and all his expenses from his managers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Rev. H. Root, a bank President at Valley City, Dakota, sued the *Times* of that place for $17,000 damages for charging him with perjury, embezzlement and stealing Sunday-school coppers. The jury awarded him six cents.—*Detroit Post.*

—Bill Nye, the Western humorist, has resigned the postmastership he held in Laramie City, as well as his connection with the *Boomerang*. He has concluded to publish a book to be called "Baled Hay." He thinks the title an improvement upon Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."—*Chicago Journal.*

—Rosa Bonheur is sixty-one years old, but is said to be full of energy and in excellent health. In conversation with a young artist not long ago she said: "My dear, you can't afford to ignore the opinion of the world, even in small things. If you do, you are sure to suffer. It doesn't pay to be eccentric, even if your eccentricity helps you along in your studies. You must remember that all studies are a means to an end, and you are to sacrifice nothing, nothing whatever, that can defeat or hinder that end.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The editor of the *Christian Commonwealth*, being asked if it is right for Christians to read novels, answers as follows: "We do not see any more wrong in reading a novel than in reading anything else, provided that novel is worth reading at all. Truth may be set forth in fiction in a very forcible way. The parables of the New Testament are for the most part doubtless constructed with imaginary characters, but they are for the purpose of teaching some important truth. When a novel does the same thing it may be read with profit. Still, we do not recommend the reading of novels where the tendency is to destroy the taste for more substantial reading."

HUMOROUS.

—One thousand dollars in gold weighs four pounds. That is why so many newspaper men are round-shouldered.—*Chicago Telegram.*

—Darwin says that the monkey can blush. He certainly ought to when he sees the way his descendants are cutting up.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"Yes," said Tawmus, "Mr. Byrnes monkey is a most extraordinary fellow; he'll do anything for a new sensation. Why, the other day he tried speaking the truth."—*Boston Post.*

—"Oh," blushingly said the young lady who had been offered congratulations by a friend, "I'm not engaged yet—but"—and she blushed more deeply—"I expect to be by next week." The congratulations held over.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—A colored girl was heard the other day to remark confidentially to a friend: "Yes'm, I done write to my gemman frien' dat de next time I set de day fur de ceremony it'll have to come off; an' he knows I's in earnest, for I put it in parenthesis."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Of the rich newspaper men, James Gordon Bennett runs two yachts and four-in-hands; Robert Bonner is the owner of one hundred and seventy horses: Charles A. Dana keeps a Pullman parlor car, while we are putting in a foundation for a barn.—*Marlboro Times.*

—"Begorra!" said an inebriated Hibernian, the other day, as he saw a Chinaman's head sticking out of a coal-hole in the pavement, "phat do thim haythin divils care for a tratie, at all, at all, whin they've dug a tunnel clane through, so they have?"—*San Francisco Post.*

—John Gyumber, the famous Hungarian sleeper, was married a few days ago. From which it may be inferred that John has not yet got his eyes open; but married life will open them for him, and keep him awake, if anything will. As the poet would say: "Not another long slumber for John Gyumber."—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Papa, can't I go to the store and get me a new dress?" "Why, child, you have got plenty of good dresses." "Yes, papa, but they are out of style." "Nonsense, girl! the trees always come out in the same style every spring, don't they?" "Yes, papa, and they always look green, too." "All right, go to the store and get a dress."—*Boston Post.*

—"You certainly play very well," said the music-teacher, encouragingly, "but you have not had good instruction. If you will promise to practice four hours daily I will make an artist of you in two years, and only charge you my regular rates. By the way, where do you live?" "Next door; just got lodgings there." "Oh! ah! yes—I forgot to say that your fingering is bad, and it is now too late to correct it. Take my advice and give up music altogether."—*Chicago Times.*

Neglected His Family.

"No, sir, I utterly and positively refuse to listen to any excuse from you," said the Austin Recorder, impatiently.

"But, your honor"—

"There are no mitigating circumstances whatever. I have no sympathy for the man who neglects his family."

"I didn't neglect my family. I only gave my neighbor's boy a warming up."

"That's just it. That's the trouble. Here you have a house full of children of your own and yet you go out on the street and wallop a strange child to whom you were under no obligation to whip and leave your own children unpunished. Yes, sir, you are mulct, sir; actually mulct in the sum of ten dollars and costs. Call the next case."—*Texas Siftings.*